THE COVENANT

By Dr. Louis Smirnow

Robert Smirnow

The Covenant *and* Other Poems

By

Dr. LOUIS SMIRNOW

Author of
"THE LAST DAYS OF ST. PIERRE",
"THE MASQUE OF SHAKESPEARE", etc.

With an Introduction by
PROFESSOR WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

1922
The Stratford Co., *Publishers*
BOSTON

Copyright, 1922
The STRATFORD CO., Publishers
Boston, Mass.

The Alpine Press, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Introduction

I have been deeply interested in reading the Covenant and Other Poems by my friend, Dr. Louis Smirnow. I am glad that he has collected these verses into a volume, for they show genuine feeling, imaginative power, and considerable metrical skill. What interests me particularly in these verses is their point of view; they are born of white-hot conviction, and are filled with true passion, a passion that in itself appears like a religion, and that speaks for and defends a race.

It is exceedingly instructive to me, and it ought to be to many others, to enter into the spirit of these poems, and see how Dr. Smirnow is in a way the spokesman of thousands of people who no doubt think and feel in the manner expressed in this book.

The poems naturally differ in value, but here and there will be found one of so much force as to arrest the reader's attention and compel him to think, and perhaps to revise some of his

former opinions and to part with some of his most cherished prejudices.

As one reader I am grateful to the author for expressing his ambitions and convictions with such fervour and poetic fire.

William Lyon Phelps.

THANKS are hereby given to The New York American, The Connecticut Magazine, The Great Southwest, The Jewish Forum, the Jewish Daily News, and other Magazines for their permission to publish some of the poems contained in this volume.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/covenantotherpoe0000loui

DEDICATED TO

JUSTICE LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

Our Guiding Star.

LEAD, genial light, toward our latest goal,
Lead to our re-discovered land;
Be you the guardian of a nation's soul,
The finger of God's guiding hand.

And show the wanderer to the road he lost,
Bring Israel to his home again,
And let his blood no longer be the cost
Of peace among his fellow men.

By The Author.

CONTENTS

PART I

Page

APPEAL AND PROTEST

Lamentations 1
The Covenant 6
שפוך חמתך אל הגוים. 7
אל מלא רחמים. 10
"He Who Watches Over Israel Does Not Slumber 12
The Daughter of the Voice (בת קול) . 14
The Spirit of Prophecy 19
Now that the Hounds of War Are Loose 23
Kishineff 25
The Bloody Moloch of Christendom . . 27
איכה. 30
The Song of The Jew 39
Am I My Brother's Keeper? 44
Christmas 46

CONTENTS

	Page
The Dance of the Chief Rabbi of Kishineff	51
Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin	53
The Feast of Belshazzar	54
Translated from the Yiddish	56
The Passover of To-day	58
When That Day Comes	61
מי־האיש הירא.	63

PART II

Poems of Nature and Travel

The Song of the Mountains		67
The Lure of the West		69
I	The Lorelei of the Prairies	69
II	Delusion	70
III	Eureka	71
IV	The Lake of the Valley of Navajo	73
V	To the Lorelei of the West	74
An Ode to the West		75
An Ode to the Alps		82
An Ode to the Léman		86
Schreckhorn		89
The Mythen		91

CONTENTS

Page

Mont Blanc 93
The Lake of Lucerne 94
Ships at Sea 96

PART III

LYRICS, PARABLES AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Sanctuary 99
Salve Dea 103
God and Man — A Parable . . . 105
The Angel's Feast — A Parable . . 110
ורוח על פני יחלף. 113
A Snake Song 118
A Parisian Lay 120
Ships of the Sea 122
To ——— An Acrostic 123
"C'Est Moin Qui Té Ka Lavé . . 125
"I Am Dimpled, Young and Fair . . 127
Though of Silver and Gold . . . 128
La Martinique 129
Cambronné 130
To Hon. Simon Wolf 131
Epigrams 133

I.

APPEAL AND PROTEST

Lamentations

God has inflicted a scourge on his people,
A botch and a sore and a cancerous grief,
And the heart of the children of Israel is aching,
For centuries aching, and finds no relief.

God has forsaken the chosen, his children,
Forgotten the covenant sanctioned of yore,
Abandoned his plan and, recalling his promise,
Imposed the misfortunes we so much deplore.

A prey to the wild boar, the brute of the Arctic,
A scapegoat abroad, the *azazel* at home,
Plunder'd and robbed and abused and insulted,
From country to country we aimlessly roam.

Beset by the wolves and the jackals of Europe,
Attacked by the hounds on the African plains,
In Asia harassed by ravenous vultures,
The earth on its face no asylum retains.

Hence whither we go and wherever we bivouac,
The gleam of our hope is obscured in the night;

Wherever we sojourn and whither we wander
We watch out in vain for the dawn of the light.

In vain twenty centuries passed by the outposts,
In vain we have anxiously counted the grains
As the sand through the hourglass sifted and
sifted,
The night still as dark and as starless remains.

The firmament of Israel is still unillumined,
And dark overhead is the threatening vault;
The Promise of old, the prophetic Messiah,
With the golden Millennium seems yet to halt.

They halt on the outskirts of infinite nature,
Where Time and Space in the embryo lie,
Meanwhile the impious children of Israel
Their God and Creator begin to deny.

There is not a Deity, Science declares it,
Nature is God and mankind is divine!
Thus Arrogance argues itself to the footlights,
Egotistical man standing first in the line.

And I, of the lowly the lowliest mortal,
Dust of the dust, yea, worm of all worms,
In error and darkness eternally stumbling,
My doctrine the doctrine of error confirms.

The doctrine of error! For who can encompass
The secrets of heaven and infinite space?
What man can define the eternal, the endless,
Or tell what on planets and stars taketh place?

What man will explain the enigma of living,
That riddle of riddles, the soul-centred light?
The breath of the lily, the snort of the mammoth,
The glow of the star and the glowworm at night?

Can you hold in your hand the great mountains
of Heaven,
Or stop the deep streams as they flow to the seas?
Can you count all that live in the air and the
waters,
The sand on the shores or the leaves on the trees?

Rests the earth on your shoulders, the sun on
your forehead?
Rolls off from your tongue the loud thunder
amain?
Does the lightning proceed from your orbits and
nostrils?
Prepare ye the snow or the hail or the rain?

Did your eye ever fall on the bound'ries of
matter?

Your mind e'er conceive a beginning or end?
Were you present when earth and the heavens
were forming?
Say what of these secrets do ye understand?

Declare, if thou knowest, what Power created
Both thee and the worm and all things drawing
breath?
What hand holds the governing forces of nature,
And opens or closes the portals of Death?

Oh, I will strike up a note to arouse all the echoes
That slumber in woodland and mountain and
dale,
So that, in clamorous soul-stirring accents,
They may on the children of Israel prevail.

With the horn at my lips, the great trumpet of
genius,
I'll call to my people in all ends of the earth,
That though wandering, stumbling, despised and
forsaken,
They must not forget of their glorious birth.

Though complaining, lamenting, regretting, im-
ploring,

They must not forget what their mission has
been, —
To suffer, to struggle, to teach and enlighten,
And help all mankind in its strife against sin.

The Covenant

"A NATION of priests and a holy people,"
  This was the mark themselves and God have
    set; —
As some great Architect designs a steeple,
  Or an hundred-tiered, sky-reaching minaret,
To be admired and gazed at from below,
And deemed unreachable as ages go.
Were Mammon to supply its feet of clay,
  And Moloch lend his hands begrimed of shame,
Or Greed and Hatred blaze thereto the way,
  Then were indeed the goal set all in vain,
  And nations could in unison proclaim
  The priestly nation as a thing profane.
But no! to reach the all-outreaching height
Reared by the One who said "Let there be
    light,"
The people made a covenant to be
A blessing unto all humanity!
To raise the fallen and uplift the weak;
  To give sight unto the blind, — undying hope
To hopeless ones! to diligently seek

The widow and the orphan who may grope
In dire adversity, and succor them;
When Persecution rears its serpent head
That strikes innumerable people dead,
To then, like heaven's host, jump in and stem
The fearful tide, that it may not be said
That none defended Israel when he bled.

שפוך חמתך אל הגוים.
(Pour Forth Thy Wrath Upon The Heathen).

Pour forth thy wrath upon the heathen, Lord,
The merciless, Tartar horde,
And let thy brimstone on their heads alight.
The terrors of thy night,
The madness of thy day,
Confusion and dismay,
The Judgment of this hour,
The force of thy nameless power,
All horror, sorrow, pain,
The plagues of Egypt, every bane
Of humankind upon the Tartar horde
Pour forth, O God, our Lord.

Pour forth thy wrath upon the heathen, Lord,
The barbarous, savage horde.

Thy tabernacle they destroyed,
Thy bride of purity have they decoyed
Into a den, polluted her,
Made her unclean, — thy Torah and our trust, —
Then underfoot, their blood astir
With bloody strife, they trod her into dust; —
Thy Law, thy Light, thy Glory, God,
Into the dust they trod.
Wherefore we call on thee with trembling fear,
Open the portals of the seventh heaven, there
Our cry of grief to hear,
Our prayer,
Our despair:
Send forth thy flaming vengeance, God our Lord,
Upon the Tartar horde.

Oh God of Israel, He who brought us out
Of Egypt, gave our law and solved our doubt,
Thy vineyard is despoiled,
Thy purpose foiled,
Thy enemy in triumph goes,
Mocking at our woes,
Thy children bleed
And no one gives them heed;

Therefore we call to thee, our fortress and our
tower of strength,
Withdraw the dams from thy sea of wrath and
let
Its waters overwhelm thy enemy at length,
So that they ne'er henceforth forget
That helpless ones are succored from above,
That the despised possess Jehovah's love.

The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the
God of Jacob, hear!
Before thy awful throne the Seraphs in their fear
Prostrate themselves and on their faces fall;
The stars do tremble, every circling sphere
Quakes to its center listening to thy call, —
The suns all crumble at the thunder voice,
When through thy limitless Celestial Hall
Thou makest known thy incontestable choice
To show an inexorable hand
In judgment of our land:
Then let thy thunder smite thy foe,
That he thy strength may know.
Jacob they devour and his abode
They burn and plunder; on thy name
They do not call, but down the road
Of infamy and murder they advance,

With simitar and lance,
Their barbarism to enhance, —
Then let the fearful flame
Of thy swift vengeance light upon the
Tartar horde,
So we beseech thee, God our Lord.

אל מלא רחמים.
(God Who Art Full of Mercy).

God who art full of mercy, from thy throne
Thou hear'st our supplicating tone,
Our cries of anguish reach thy ready ear,
Our endless woes dost ever hear.
Then open to thy servants once again
The sanctuary of thy heart, —
Arrest the shafts in the hands of cruel men,
And stay in its fatal course the dart.
Let not thy enemy exult in shame
While mocking at thy name;
They blaspheme thee and thine own house profane,
While trampling on thy people with disdain.
A danger threatens us, behold the sword
Above our heads is hanging by a cord,
And men their passions whet and beasts their
claws

Whilst nations shackle us with cruel laws.
Avert the danger, then, oh God our Host,
Lest we are lost, lest we are lost.
Be merciful to us, thy pity show,
That we as ever may thy glory know,
And to the world thy light, as e'er before,
We may deliver with the holy lore.
That we may teach thy law to all mankind,
The erring and the blind, —
Thy Law
That is without a flaw, —
Give us the strength, oh Lord our Host,
Lest we are lost, lest we are lost.

"He Who Watches Over Israel Does Not Slumber"

He who watches over Israel never slumbered,
So the God's elect believed and still believe.
And though his mortal enemies unnumbered
On him fall their death-work to achieve;
Though locusts in their brazen malice plunder
Israel's tent and shed his ancient blood,
Though hands barbaric, tearing the scrolls asunder,
Steep God's word deep in the crimson flood,
Yet none know better than Judea knows
That God has power over Israel's foes.

He who watches over Israel never slumbered,
So some fear and so some others hope.
When Pharaoh, by his deadly steel encumbered,
Vainly tried with the returning sea to cope,
When Antiochus Epiphanes was routed
By the Maccabeus of the world's renown,
When tyrants met their doom, when they who doubted

Felt God's hand and saw His wrathful frown,
Then they perceived that He who watches never
sleeps,
That over Israel God His vigil keeps.

How can He who sleeps not, sleep?
How can He who dreams not, dream?
Does not the Shepherd ever tend his sheep,
The Pilot steer the ship in the maddened
stream?
Israel places not his trust in men,
And earthly powers he does not invoke;
The Philistine, the Moor, the Saracen,
Upon his head the sword yet never broke
But that a greater Hand avenged the wrong,
And gave the theme for another sacred song.

The Daughter of the Voice
(בת קול)

Loud blew the great ram's horn,
And its deep blast through space interminable,
From the zenith to the nadir went reverberant,
When once again was born
The Daughter of the Voice, discernible
Among the constellations bright and radiant.
Her body is the Milky Way, her head
Rests in the Great Dog on a starry bed,
Her feet repose upon the Archer's breast,
Her hair floats through immensity. The rest
Of space is her abode, the firmament
Her purple robe, the sun's habilament
Her garb, and on her brow a diadem
Of stars ten-thousand rests.
This is the Daughter of the Voice sent forth to whelm
Mankind with God's behests.
Her tongue is a flaming sword, her eyes
Are burning suns, her face is God's;
Her words are thunder in disguise,

'And all the universe quakes when her head
she nods.
This is the Daughter of the Voice that spake
Thus to the children of the earth and said:
"How long, Oh how long, will ye break
God's laws, O men! How long will your bread
Be your brother's flesh, his blood your drink?
Iniquity and Error on the brink
Of your inhabitations dwell;
And in the midst is Treason, with every link
Of Falsehood interlocked. The spell
Of your great hatred, like a pall,
On all the world doth fall —
Dark'ning the threshold of the universe,
Like Satan's inexterminable curse.
Love is a stranger at your gate,
And Wisdom knocks and findeth no response;
Light is barred out from your estate,
And darkness harbored with all eagerness;
Reason and Justice are not for the nonce
Embraced, but Dogma in her borrowed dress,
Struts like a hireling through your towns,
Hid by your black ecclesiastical gowns.
I seek in vain the word which Man received,
The Law which he professed to have believed;
In vain do I seek each witness that I sent,

Each sign from heav'n that was my testament.
Unto each Nation have I appointed a given task,
  Which in due season was to have been fulfilled:
Rome gave I Power, that she may unmask
  Stern Nature, conquer every race instilled
With savagery, and teach mankind to wrest
From death their life, and from crude matter all
      its best.
  Greece gave I Beauty, that she may
  The senses please of a pleasant day.
  Æsthetic virtues and subtle thought
  Is the stuff of which her crown was wrought.
To Egypt gave I lore, that evermore
She may treat the world to her priceless store.
The Franks are champions of Liberty,
Who bleed and die so that the world be free.
The Saxons in the latter day have made
The Iron Age of Commerce; undismayed
They plow the seas, the earth exhaust,
That no advantages be lost.
These come and go, as purpose needs,
  Upon the stage of life;
And thus the fire in the furnace feeds,
  And balanced is the human strife.
But out of the nations of the earth,
  O Israel, I have chosen thee,

To be the advocate of Truth,
When peoples of inferior worth
Groped darkly in obscurity,
And worshipped Sin — an erring Youth.
Now Sin has grown to hoary age,
Though ever youthful in her guile,
And Crime, aflame with mighty rage
Pours all the venom from his vial.
Then where's thy mission, O Judea, where?
How hast thou used the trust within thy hands?
Didst thou attempt my word of mouth declare,
Or bring my standard into foreign lands?
Oh, in the thick and gloom of Night,
Didst thou erect my beacon-light?
Nay, thorns upon the path,
Barbarians' hostile wrath,
Pain, adverse circumstance,
Repulsed thee, sent thee hence
Complaining of thy lot —
Thy holy work forgot.
What though a thorn be on the way,
Though persecution holdeth sway?
Does not God's work lead to a better Day,
Which would, like balm, thy pain allay?
Oh Israel, know thy mission once again,

And by the wayside do not fall;
To teach Truth, Justice, Love and Light to men
Be thy appointed, special call.
Rouse from thy slumber, shake thy dream away,
And enter on the great, eternal Day."

The Spirit of Prophecy

THE WORD which came to me from the dismal
mount
Of Horeb where from out the hidden fount
Of Wisdom, dry and unprofitable to all else,
The Spirit of Prophecy quaffs prescience and
compels
Dumb stones their secrets to impart,
Sapping out of earth's deep-centered heart
Foreknowledge of events, rare foresight, more
To be desired than all the world's combinèd lore.
From out of the silence of the centuries
The Word came like a wind among the trees,
Like tempests on the waves, like thunder in the
sky,
O'erwhelming me with this o'erpowering cry:
"Arise thou from thy slothful indolence
And go to the abodes of men! Rank arrogance
And self-conceit will sneer and laugh in scorn.
But say unto them the man is yet unborn
Who laughs and does not weep in consequence;
Who spends and rues not his extravagance;

Who, spitting venom, does not swallow some;
Who spreads a pest and suffers not therefrom.
Say unto them: A prophet shall arise
Of lowly birth, clad in the modern guise,
But armed with the old spirit of prophetic sight
Which penetrates the all-impenetrable night."
And further saith the Word which came to me
From Horeb with the Spirit of Prophecy.
"Arise and go to the nations of the earth
Declaring: There among you, low of birth
And mean in origin, a country lies
That scoffs at God and His authority denies.
Its life is half barbaric and its ways
Have prototypes in medieval days.
Cruel its laws and crude its government,
Its courts a jest of savage merriment;
Bribery and usury there holdeth sway,
While truth and liberty are led astray.
Chained to a rock the true religion lies,
A captive in unmerited disguise,
While foul Idolatry, the ancient pest,
Is deeply cherished in this nation's breast.
But from the center of its depth, before
The hand on the Centurial clock explore
The face, a great convulsion shall upheave,
And shake the land's foundation to retrieve

Its foregone wrongs; the agony of death
Shall seize this monster in its length and
breadth, —
This double-headed octopus whose heart
In Europe is confined, whose bulky part
In Asia resteth, and whose frigid tail
Lies in the arctics whence the icebergs hail.
Its bowels will be gnawed by inner strife,
And everywhere rebellion will be rife.
Its one head by a plague will be attacked,
Its second by the enemy will be sacked;
One tenth part of the first will fall in death,
The second, plundered erst, will in the breath
Of a conflagration be consumed,
As once it was, that life be not resumed
For a year and a day. Then in the wilderness
The nation will cry out in its distress,
But it will not avail. Woe be to
The city, the mother of bandits, that grew
Fat upon the blood of the innocent,
Woe to the city grown rich and opulent,
To Babylon, a harlot 'mong harlots, be woe,
For out of her own craven heart will grow
The Terror which will smite her and enslave
Her, finally to rise above her grave.

Her poison also gives the antidote,
Her rancor, laying low whome'er it smote,
Will back rebound upon her head,
And number her with the dead!''

Now That the Hounds of War Are Loose

Now that the hounds of War are loose,
And the mantle of Death is spread in the sky,
While the sword and the cannon will offer no truce,
And the earth through blood will cease to be dry;
Ruin, Pestilence, Famine, black spectres and grim,
Their skeleton-arms will stretch forth in the dim
Obscure darkness to seize on their prey,
May they find the true foe, so we pray,
May they grasp the real foe that makes sorrow and woe,
And renders for myriads a night of their day.

May the agents of Vengeance discover the camp
Where Corruption and Vice and Iniquity dwell,
Where the old feudal tyranny reigns, and the lamp
Of the world is extinguished, the deep-sounding knell

In the steeple resoundeth a dirge every eve
For the corpses which daily the grave doth receive;
Oh, ye agents of Vengeance, take heed
Of the thousands of victims who bleed
On the altar of Crime, irrespective of time,
Take heed and repay to the culprits their meed.

Chains, chains of the exiled ring sharp in the air,
As over the snow-mounds they wearily go,
Blood, the blood of the innocent calls everywhere,
And would not be silenced whatever you do:
Gaunt the jackal howls lone at the brink of the grave,
And the vultures their carrion screechingly crave,
While the hounds of grim War are at large,
To sweep down in their terrible charge;
That jackal and vulture be fed on mountains and mountains of dead,
The guilty, the craven, that debt must discharge.

Kishineff!

Grim, gaunt and snarling stands the jackal o'er
the grave,
Hungering for the dead beneath the sod,
Where, shrieking with the wind and rising wave,
He howls defiance both at man and God!

Far off the offing rolls the pirate ship
That trained its hellish engines on the shore,
Holding a city in its iron grip,
And terror and rapacity in store.

From out the east comes a maliferous breath
And poisons many thousands through the land,
When pestilence, the staunchest friend of death,
Leaves tracks as barren as the desert sand.

So Kishineff, the foulest of the foul,
The ghoul of all the ghouls that rob the graves,
Stands obnoxious, like a thousand fiends that
howl
Perdition down among the hell-bound caves.

So Kishineff o'ershadows history's page,
And stands a blot and shame to all the world;
The cursèd name remains a curse to our age,
A malediction by the devil hurled.

The Bloody Moloch of Christendom

Dumb with astonishment and stricken with
despair,
Deeply engulfed in most impotent rage,
And bleeding at heart with my heart's last
drop,
I saw them, like the harpies from Olympus
top,
Swoop down with a force naught could assuage
On Israel's tent, devouring, killing everywhere.
With ravaging madness came the maddened
mob,
Dressed in a varied mottled garb,
Clowns, apes and scoundrels from the depths of
hell,
Hordes on hordes of savages from places none
can tell,
Down from the ragged Caucasus heights
Where Cossacks breed their hellish brood,
Up from the valleys of the starless nights
Where Slavish races sing slaves' interlude,
From the Ural mountains in the north,

From every sea-shore, every valley, every den,
Wild, howling Tartars issued forth, —
Fiends in the outward semblances of men, —
With rapine and fire and brutal force,
Down on their destructive course.
Oh, God of Justice, God of Reason,
Are these thy instruments of vengeance or just wrath?
Smite us with thunder, let thy lightning seize on
Thy servants, let the perilous path
Down to Gehenna be as thick with us and ours
As heaven is with stars, but save us from the pow'rs
Of Russia's mob, which, vampire-like,
Wastes all the blood it cannot drink.
With cruel ferocity they strike
Down ruthlessly the young and old,
Thy agéd patriarchs, O Lord, they treat
Indignantly, treading beneath their feet
The hoary heads and beards as white as snow;
Thy daughters, Lord, they basely sink
To depths of misery that never can be told.
Wail, O Israel, wail! Woe to Judea, woe!
Here is a turning point in history,
Here is the crowning point of Infamy;
Imperial Rome in all her cruelty

Conceived not half this inhumanity.
Hide, O Sun, thy face,
And thou, O pale-faced Moon,
Reigning at high noon,
Forbear to look on man's disgrace,
The stars shall be extinguished, every grace
Of God may God in justice now efface,
Because the world stood by
And heeded not our cry,
The world stood and beheld
How innocents were felled,
How infants ruthlessly were killed,
E'en in their mothers' wombs,
How thousand and ten thousand martyrs filled
Untimely tombs,
And yet the world said naught
'Gainst all the carnage wrought,
The Christian world professing peace,
Professing love, professing tolerance,
(Their bloody Moloch over all the land
Presiding with a high and treacherous hand),
Therefore may God in His infinite mercy cease
To look upon this earth, but wither it with a glance.

איכה

בכו תבכה בלילה ודמעתה על לחיה אין לה מנחם
מכל אוהביה כל רעיה בגדו בה היו לה לאיבים.
— ירמיה.

I AM the servant of the Lord,
Come out of the wilderness of time,
Out from the immensity of space,
Adown the Milky Way, the ford
Of heaven, where, with songs sublime,
The angels cross the hemispheres;
There where the rainbows interlace,
Where stars are made, where years on years
Are piled, past, present and to be,
'Tis there abideth Prophecy.
Red lightning there resideth, there
The thunder's seat ariseth, while
The surging waves of Chaos tear
Encroachingly at heaven's sides,
Howling response at their denial
Of entrance, as the raging tides
Of sulphurous clouds in reeking foam
Rise clear upon the spangled dome.
Then out of the densest darkness came
A voice that silenced all and made my soul rejoice;

"Peace, ye turbulent elements," and silence
reigned,
And all the hosts were in their wrath restrained.
But suddenly tremendous thunder roared,
And all the universe was filled therewith,
Whilst lightning's flashes like a deluge poured
From every side, the elements were all
In turmoil, like a seething pot,
When suddenly there was revealed to me,
Built out of one vast ebon monolith,
A glory and majesty that might appall
The stoutest heart, though mine it frightened
not,
There was revealed to me
The awful seat of PROPHECY.
High on the clouds it lay,
On sure and safe foundation,
A thing of consternation
To the stars upon the Way.
Chaos and Confusion tumbled all around,
And sulphurous fumes did saturate the ground,
Whilst, as I stood astonied, I have heard
These wondrous words which all the heavens
stirred:

"How desolate is now become
My sweet-scented garden of roses;

How doth the fiend destroy the calm
Of the home where my first-born reposes!

"God made him triumphant of old,
To lead all the nations in glory;
His fame and achievements were told
In fable and legend and story.

"He made him exalted and great,
And raised him above all the races;
He made him the guard of His Gate, —
The highest in all the high places.

"He sat at the head of the feast,
When nations have gather'd around him;
He rose like the sun in the east,
And melted the fetters that bound him.

"But now came the Boar from the North,
Devouring the vineyard God planted, —
The wild boar in hordes issued forth,
Defying the rights Thou hast granted.

"With cruelty never surpassed,
With baseness and malice and treason,
They crushed out the life to the last,
And trampled on Justice and Reason.

"The delicate woman lay dead
On the highways for strangers to gaze on;

Young children and infants were bled,
Like lambs on the pastures they graze on.

"And Israel's defenders lay low,
Where tall, waving bulrushes flourish;
O'er the graves of the heroes will grow
Coarse weeds full of venom to nourish

"Fat worms and rank serpents and toads, —
The souls of the bloody assassins, —
For the victor shall fall in the roads
As he learns, though too late, of God's lessons.

"But now, with misfortunes increased,
Sits Zion engulfed in her sorrow;
By throes of great suffering seized,
She fears the gray dawn of the morrow.

"How solitary sitteth the queen
At the threshold of various nations;
She who sat great and serene, —
A star to her eastern relations.

"She weepeth alone in the night,
And no one comes forth to console her;

She is sad and distrought in her plight,
And none can be found to condole her.

"In sackloth and ashes is dressed
The beautiful daughter of Zion,
For her children, aggrieved and oppressed,
Are fallen a prey to the Lion."

So ran the thunderous words that shook the world,
Like the roaring of a thousand cataracts,
And all in heaven in a vortex whirled,
As if around the center of a storm;
The ways of God and all his marvelous acts
Being manifest in an infinity of form,
I fell upon my face in fear and awe,
Full well believing all I heard and saw.
"Oh, wonder of all wonders," said I, "still is heard
The prophet Jeremiah's stirring word, —
The grand old man, the exile seer,
Who prophesied without regard or fear,
Who told the truth, regardless of the kings,
Foretelling of a thousand coming things.
He first, he last, at all times he,

The master mind in prophecy.
As on the earth lamenting Israel's fall,
So now in heav'n he answers to the call; —
Bemoaning there Jerusalem's disgrace, —
Here Israel's wanderings from place to place."
"My master," said I, "pray incline thine ear
To one of the humblest stragglers of thy fold.
I am a stranger in these realms, this sphere
Is far removed from whence I hail;
There, upon the earth, doth gloom and cold
And deepest ignorance prevail, —
The darkness doth the night assail!
The sons of Israel wander still about,
In darkness and in doubt;
From one end to the other of the globe,
Clad in the mourner's robe; —
Driven from place to place, from town to town,
Abused by every clown;
Insulted, robbed and murdered, bled to death,
And poisoned at each breath.
Oh thou, far-seeing seer who knowest all,
From what has been to that which will befall,
Declare it unto me, I pray,
When will be the dawning of the Day?
From thy great seat of prophecy,
This wondrous throne of ebony,

Declare to me the secrets of thy soul;
When will our redemption be,
What is Israel's destiny,
And when will Juda come unto his goal?
Oh, conjure up both day and night,
To give me this prophetic sight."

To which came the reply,
Out of the fathomless sky,
With accompanying thunder and lightning and fearful noise,
In Jeremiah the prophet's powerful voice,
Whilst all the servants of the Lord stood 'round,
With their heads inclining to the ground, —
Silently listening to what he said,
As if they were the armies of the dead.
"My son! Return and say unto all men:
As surely as He teareth down so shall He build.
The father faileth not his son, and when
The proper time arrives then is His word fulfilled.
The eagle carries her fledglings o'er the crags,
And in her guarded cave the she-lion shields her whelps,
The young deer get their swiftness from the stags,

And every creature every other helps.
Then can you doubt that God His children guards,
Or that He anxiously His flock regards?
Return to the abodes of men and say:
Thus saith God, through His prophets and His seers;
Surely there will come the Judgment Day,
Three months elapsing, reckoning as many years
By centuries as days, for thus is time
Computed here in heav'n. Then every crime
Shall be accounted for and every deed
Adjudged. Assassins and murderers shall bleed
From their own veins, and trebly lose the blood they spilled;
Poisoners shall drink the poison they distilled
For others; kings shall meet their doom;
But the just and upright shall go free.
In God's great universe there will be room
For all who merit immortality,
But they who merit not shall surely be destroyed.
And Israel shall ascend; they who annoyed
Him, like a lamp so shall their life be quenched, —
For God's own flock shall surely be avenged.

Then Israel's mission plainly will appear,
Dear to each heart, and as the sunshine clear.
Peace, then, shall be the arbiter, and truth
And love shall flourish in perennial youth.
Zion shall be built again,
And honored of all men;
God's Temple will arise, most wonderful and grand,
Forever then to stand,
Untouched and unassailed by mortal hand."

The Song of the Jew

"Oh, hear ye, O Nations, give ear all ye men,
To a song never uttered, nor written by pen.
It is writ in the stars and was culled from the sun
Long before the grey phantoms of ages begun.
When Creation emerged from the womb of the Deep,
And all nature awoke from Eternity's sleep,
When the sun limned the sky with the first rosy morn,
Then all Birth saw me first of the first to be born.
And I builded for Pharaoh great cities of yore,
And his pyramids greater than any before;
And I cast my mute harp in the Babylon stream,
And I served mistress Rome in her glitter and gleam:
Alexander and Cæsar and Titus accurs'd
Drank the blood from my veins to diminish their thirst.
I have taught the Great Law to all peoples, in sooth,

Freely shedding my blood in defense of the
Truth;
When the nations served idols of horror and
shame,
Then I spoke and proclaimed the ineffable Name!
All abominations I fought, and I conquered
them all,
And of Mammon and Moloch accomplished the
fall.
The All-Justice I taught and the law of the
Right,
When the world only knew and regarded but
Might.
"When the earth was yet young and mankind
newly born,
And the dark veil of History just had been torn,
When the fiercest of passions and murder and
strife
Had disfigured the features of primitive life,
Then I came full of pow'r, like the north wind
of old,
And upheld the Commandments to numbers un-
told;—
'Thou shalt not,' I shrieked, like the lion I
roared,
And I curs'd and I threatened, I begged and im-
plored,

Till the nations all heeded my precept of love,
And feared the great wrath of Jehovah above.
"I beheld how great empires and kingdoms arose,
And I saw their decline, and the pride of my foes
I saw humbled to dust and their cities destroyed, —
Even Rome could not long her destruction avoid.
Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Greece,
And Media, Carthage, all haters of peace,
The Philistines, Celts, Huns, the Goths, Romans and Gauls,
All have vanished and left only tottering walls.
Nigh the whole world was lost, when to succor and save,
To half mankind an Ideal, to half a God I gave.
"But now as I sit here, alone and forlorn,
Very often I wish I had never been born,
For of all of my travail, my sorrow and pain,
Oh, can ye, O nations, discover my gain?
Ye tread on my beard and ye spit in my face,
And ye clothe me in chains and the badge of disgrace.
And ye come and advise me to lose myself quite,
And assimilate with the dark shadows of night.

As well to exhort the Gulf Stream to be mixed
With the cold, icy ocean wherein it is fixed;
Or advise in the heavens the great Milky Way
To be lost in the stars that most everywhere lay.
"Oh, no! If true justice still lingers on earth,
You will give me the home that was mine from my birth.
Return me the land where I battled and fought,
The land every inch of which dearly I bought,
Very dearly I bought with the blood of my veins,
Where I struggled for freedom and shatter'd my chains;
Where I strove with and conquer'd wild races of men,
Gog-Magog, the giants, I drove from their den;
Where I worshipped my God and expounded His Law,
And where first the great light of His Wisdom I saw.
"In that land were my fathers for ages interred,
And the prophets and sages who lived by the Word.
There the graves of my martyrs abound on the plains,

And the roads are yet strewn with my children's
remains!
Every stone in that land is a tear from my eye,
In its mountains still lingers the breath of my
sigh,
In its forests my wailing can yet be discerned, —
Lives a soul who would say thus: 'I am not con-
cerned'?
Then return me my country! If justice yet
dwell
Here on earth, O return me, return my Beth-el!''

Am I My Brother's Keeper?

"Am I my brother's keeper?" asked the man
Just as the first crime and the world began.
And when his brother's blood yet warmed the sod,
He thought with vain words to deceive his God.
"What hast thou done?" was asked in thunder sound,
"Thy brother's blood cries to me from the ground.
Be, therefore, banished from the earth that durst
Yield naught to thee, a fugitive accurs'd.
The soil thou till'st be barren in thy hands,
As thou goest hungry through the many lands,
With this mark on thy forehead to explain
To man and beast the brother-slayer, Cain."

"Am I my brother's keeper?" cries the lord
Who wades, knee-deep, through his great treasure-hoard.
In every age and every passing day
Innumerable men are heard to say:
"What care have I that others starve or die?

Shall pity at my door forever lie?
Each for himself; — concern themselves with me
Would none; I therefore must indifferent be.
This day bread have I eaten, wine I drank, —
I loved and lived, — but whom have I to thank?
None me therewith provided, — why should I
Of earthly good to other men supply?
'Tis all the same, so long I suffer not,
If all the world by God shall be forgot,
And I will sponsor be for none beside,
But guard no hurt or harm to me betide."

Oh, million-armed and million-headed Cain,
How many brothers coldly have you slain?
Pray, — will you say? — how will you answer when
The Great Judge His account will have of men?
What will you say when it is asked of you,
"Where is thy brother, Cain, — what didst thou do?"
Then on your forehead will a sign be placed,
To mark the fratricide and the disgraced,
And point you out to mankind and the brute
As of foul crime the full and ripened fruit.
Then even wild-beasts shall your flesh disdain,
And you will live, repentless, in eternal pain.

Christmas

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Peal after peal went forth from the organs resounding,
And clear across the earth reached the jubilant song,
Chimes' exquisite melodies rose and, from heaven rebounding,
Stirred to its depths in prayer the worshipping throng.
Gilded domes shone in splendor outdazzling the sunshine,
And the altars in laces of gold were bedecked;
And of gold were the crosses, and many an ensign
Was wrought of rare fabric and satin select.
And golden-mouthed preachers gold-sermons delivered,
And gout-aristocracy listened them through;
Kings and Queens and their minions with purpose palavered

As they hymned of the Son of Man, faithful and true.
It was Christmas the world o'er, and millions unnumbered
Rejoiced in the birth of the Man-God, the Son!
It was Christmas, — the earth with deep snow was encumbered,
And the cold grew yet colder in spite of the sun.
To earth's outermost boundaries the bread-lines extended,
Where ragged men begged all in vain for a crust!
And where, man against man, hunger-mad, they defended
Their last shreds of life, although crushed to the dust.
Deep the pit yawned beneath them, like chasms unmeasured,
And hell stood wide open to welcome them all!
And the little ones whom the great Savior treasured
Were come to the brink where to stand is to fall.
And the widows and orphans were lone in their sorrow,

And Hunger and Grief stalked supreme in the lands,
A signal of yesterday, a sign for the morrow, —
Despair's ominous footprints engraved in the sands.
But from church and Cathedral resounded the story
In music unequalled of Him who was born;
To the Savior of men they sang Glory and Glory,
While His image with diamonds and gold they adorn.
Had they harked they could hear as on wings of the tempest
In anger a voice from the heavens descend,
Which thus spake with the thunder: "O Satan still temptest
The Lord thou, — and what can it bode or portend
But destruction and death and the end of all things,
And the price thy rebellion and arrogance brings?
And ye men of the earth and ye women of culture,
Who fall at a fetich and kneel at a shrine,
Go, dwell with the wolf and be kin to the vulture,

But tempt not your God, lest His anger divine
Shall devour you, — involve you in every disaster
And cast you for aye in the fiery sea!
Though ye build me great temples of rare alabaster,
And altars of gold ye erect unto me,
Yet the words of the Lord and the works of the Master
You consign to the depths of Oblivion's sea.
Oh, answer and say what became of my teaching,
And what of the seed that I sowed with my blood?
The Light and the Truth which, through centuries reaching,
Was to circle the world like the primitive flood?
For when I am a-hungered, then give ye me meat?
Thirsty, and give ye me drink? A stranger with bleeding feet,
And take ye me in? Naked, and clothe ye me?
Sick, and in prison, and visit ye me?
And Oh! All the oceans of blood and the oceans of tears
That these centuries past in my name ye have shed, —

How answer ye, vipers, beyond the frontiers
Of the countries that reek in their garments of red!
Shall I take for your answer the altars of silver,
The gold-embossed symbols of Rome and of Greece;
The booty and plunder your pirates deliver
As the price of your heaven, your ransom of Peace?
Then woe to ye, men, and your lost habitations,
For the Angel of Death shall inherit the earth!''
And this is the Word for the ear of all nations
On the glorious day of the Savior's birth.

The Dance of the Chief Rabbi of Kishineff

THE Russian mob, a frenzied horde, —
The minions of the Czar,
Came with the pike and knife and sword,
Upon their warlike car.

They spied the gentle Rabbi Chief,
A venerable sire,
And took to mock his pain and grief
With song and tuneful lyre.

They danced with him the dance of death,
And made him join their gang;
And this the song, with bated breath,
They and the Rabbi sang.

"Oh Russia, we dance a dance
That can no longer cease;
The devil weaveth this romance,
Infernal friends to please.
We're dancing, are dancing.

" 'Tis human vultures dancing here,
With an old bird ensnared;
Oh come, ye fiends of hell, appear!
Our work shall be compared!
We're dancing, are dancing.

"The harpies danced to flute and lyre,
When blood ran like the sea;
We dance the tune of sword and fire,
And blood runs just as free.
We're dancing, are dancing.

"Oh, Russia, we dance thy dance,
Beside thy open grave;
We dance away thy final chance
Thy worthless self to save.
We're dancing, are dancing.

"We dance upon thy funeral pyre,
That crackles now and burns;
Behold the red hand rising higher, —
The Revolution turns! —
We're dancing, are dancing."

Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin

It is counted, counted and weighed.
The tyrant's deeds
Before the highest Judge are laid.
Let him beware
The awakened wrath of God,
Who makes or breaks
The universe with a nod.

Mene, mene, counted are
Thy days on earth;
Thy works are weighed, O fallen star,—
God knows thy worth.
Thy kingdom shall divided be
By heathen hordes;
And all shall raise, insulting thee,
Avenging swords.

The Feast of Belshazzar

THE king Belshazzar at a royal feast
Sat wine-imbibing on his golden throne,
Oblivious to the menace of the East,
The raging Northern stress to him unknown.
His ministers of state surrounded him,
His wise men and magicians at his feet,
His wives and concubines and all that sweet
Umbrageous coterie that in the dim
Half-limbus of uncertain favor dwell, —
The courtiers, priests and flatterers who fawn
Upon the monarch from the early dawn
Until the sounding of the midnight bell.
All in the palace sat or half reclined,
Entertained most royally, feasted and dined,
While song and mirth and laughter filled the air,
And not a lip sighed forth a single care.
But where the rich Damascus tapestry
Adorn an arabasque red-granite wall,
There, all in blazing light, a prophecy
Appeared that, louder than a clarion's call,

Foretold the end of this great monarch's reign,
As well as of his numerous servile train.
But none the mystic letters understood,
Nor was the king Belshazzar in the mood
The language of the mystics to discern.
    The flaming Wrath that did before him loom
Out of his orgies wild he could not learn,
    And knew not that it spelled the one word
        "DOOM."

Translated from the Yiddish
(Anonymous).

Eat, my child, this bread and honey,
  Honey is like sugar sweet —
After holiday your father
  May remember us to greet.

Nestle closer to the bosom
  Of thy mother, dearest child,
I alone must keep this feast-day,
  Woe is me, my pain is wild.

Oh, thy father left and journeyed
  Somewhere far to earn his bread, —
When I see our desolation
  I am seized with bitter dread.

Yet perhaps will God have mercy,
  Sending us a little luck,
That the year be not returning
  Which our hearts with terror struck.

Works so hard thy ailing mother,
  Not a moment free she feels, —
Yet is she so poor and lonely
  That her very blood congeals.

God allowing, I perhaps will
  Earn a little at my place, —
Then I'll make for my own darling
  Winter clothes 'gainst winter's face.

Then two little shoes I'll purchase,
  Will be warm thy little feet;
Eat, my child, this bread and honey,
  Honey is so very sweet.

The Passover of Today

THREE thousand years and more
Since on the sunlit shore
  Of the wide Red Sea we stood,
A people liberated first,
As the whilom shackles burst
From off our limbs and fell,
With many a ringing knell,
    To echo through the corridors of time;
  While our great leader, in authoritative mood,
Did split in twain the Sea,
That we
May pass o'er harmlessly.
    It was a passing over, great, sublime,
Than which in all man's annals nought
Was e'er with so much purpose fraught.
From bondage into Freedom's light,
From servitude to kingly might,
A thousand wrongs at last set right,
  Oh, what a great beginning then was made
When young the world was, and when man
Civilization's first syllable to lisp began,

As civilization's cornerstones were laid.
Far into the future, then, the Seer did look
And saw before him many a passing o'er
For Israel, the greatest people of the earth,
Many a precipice and many a raging shore
To scale or span, or cross or ford,
Many a well-nigh death, and many a great
rebirth,
Beset by many a savage horde, —
This future people of the Book, —
Until at last the vistas of his vision led
Unto a field by joy and sunshine fed,
Unto the haven of the bless'd,
Where God's annointed rest.

So now in many lands where dwell
The half of Israel once again it fell
A wondrous passing o'er to be recorded,
Such as ten centuries have not afforded, —
A passing from a barbarous state,
From persecution and great hate,
Pogroms and rapine, murder and strife,
Unto new love and generous life;
Unto a new regime
Whose very scheme
By the Creator first was planned,

When o'er the rushing waters and the waves
Of Chaos His great word went forth
In thunder that chilled the nebulous froth,
And star-dust into worlds congealed,
The while His eye, all-seeing, scanned
Infinity, thus saying: "Let there be no slaves,
But love of man for man shall be revealed."

When That Day Comes!

And when the hand of Time that marks off centuries
Upon the universal dial shall once again
Point to the matin hour
When Israel's latent power
Shall rise with might and main,
Its former glory to regain,
And yet new glories, still unknown,
To lay before God's wondrous throne,
Oh, may it be a time
When universal crime,
Deceit and infamy,
And all ills of humanity,
Shall be forgot,
That not a single blot
Would mar the new escutcheon
That shall outblaze the blazing sun.
Or if the Great Eye peradventure sees
Continuance of wars and plagues and man's
Inhuman policy to man,
Oh, let them beware who shall transplant all these

Abominations to the sacred soil, —
This evil deed will back on them recoil!
For at Jeshurun's gate the angel of the Lord,
On wing outstretched, in hands a flaming sword,
Will stand and count each in the homing horde,
And question every pilgrim's secret plans,
And search into each soul as only angels can!
If one doth carry in his heart the seed
Of the great Heresy,
A kernel of the modern Fallacy,
If one served idols in a foreign land,
Or kneeled to Mammon and the god of gold,
Or followed Dogma's false command,
Or worshipped harlots crude and bold,
Or at Assimilation's hand did feed,
Let such abstain from ent'ring here,
For they have much of God to fear!
None from the money-changers' mart, —
None but the pure of heart,
Whose hands are clean,
Whose conscience is serene,
Who hath no vain regret,
No memory to forget,
No self-emolument to seek,

No vengeances to wreak, —
Let him be pioneer,
To build my Temple here!
Thus saith the angel of the Lord,
While standing guard o'er the homing horde!

מי־האיש הירא.

Who is there so faint and weak,
Whose heart doth tremble in its fear,
Who doth to his own vanities adhere, —
Let him come forth and speak!
What man in the Diaspora hath built
Himself a home, or who a vineyard planted,
And who in his prosperity deems it a guilt
To sacrifice to Israel's cause,
Let such by the wayside pause,
Nor let to such the privilege be granted
To build for Judea a new Judean State!
But as the vistas of all-time will ope
To give a glimpse of God's annointed sons,
Let future generations in their pride relate
That those who did with this great problem cope
Were men of sterling worth, — the sturdy ones

Who plowed and tilled, and sowed and reaped,
And on the Holy Land abundance heaped.
Aye, men and women, builders of a State,
As shall our children in just pride relate!

II.

POEMS OF NATURE AND TRAVEL

The Song of the Mountains

THE Song of the Mountains is a song without words,
And the singer the eagle on high,
Who, of all of the fast-flying, high-soaring birds,
He soareth the nearest the sky.

The high winds delight in his screech and his yell,
And the sky-scaling bluffs in their turn
Bend trebly their heads in a magical spell,
The grace of the singer to earn.

Far over the clouds he mates on the wing,
And warbles and coos to his love;
From heaven the light if he wills can he bring,
Or anything else from above.

He roams with his mate through the Range as he lists,
And builds on the highest of crags;
The veil for his bride are the roseate mists
Through which Phoebus his chariot drags.

He fears nothing earthly, he fears neither foe,
  Full knowing the height of his flight,
Content in the day-time wherever he'll go,
  Secure in his nest in the night.

All the Mountains delight in this song without
      words,
  That is sung by the eagle on high;
Well assured, if not they, then this bird of all
      birds
  Will succeed once in piercing the sky.

The Lure of the West

I

THE LORELEI OF THE PRAIRIES

A Woman in purple came on the horizon,
With a veil of dark blue all encircling her frame,
And I knew her as soon as she cast her great eyes on
My face, and I shuddered to think of her name.

But she lifted her voice and the echoes resounded
From prairie to prairie across her domain,
From the deep starry vault the sweet music rebounded,
And good was her singing of this, her refrain:

(Lorelei sings).

And the golden-silver notes are ringing, ringing, ringing,

And my words like dancing motes are singing,
singing, singing,
Singing, ringing golden chimes,
Of the fabulous golden mines,
And of regions of the bless'd,
Where all find peace and love and rest.

Oh, Lorelei, my Lorelei,
I am thy ready victim,
But leash thy beast of death or else,
In mercy, pray restrict him;
For, though within thy whirlpool caught,
There is no need denying,
'Tis the sweetest thing on earth
To hear thy music, — dying.

II

DELUSION

O'ER the echoless wastes of the steel-colored
prairie
The twilight descended on far-reaching
wing,
When a phantom-like outline, etherial, airy,
Like some strange illusion, an ill-defined fairy,
Stepped out like a witch from a magical
ring.

With quivering finger it pointed me onward,
To where the red sun in the clouds disappears;
With gestures fantastic it pointed me toward
The gold-land of sunshine that lies ever forward,
The land that is stranger to sorrow and tears.

The heat rose in waves on the blue forms of evening,
And the tall, swaying grass seemed a deep, surging sea;
Dark night in all mystery came, scarcely breathing,
The elfin-like fairy was leaving, receding,
Then vanished with laughter and sinister glee.

III

EUREKA

Eureka, I have found it
In the open public mart;
I have found it and I bound it

To my sore and bleeding heart!
All my life I sought it, sought it,
In the mountain-fastness, there,
Till I wrought it, as I thought it,
With my bleeding hands and bare,
From the granite rocks out yonder,
The gray, clammy mines beyond there,
That have proved themselves a snare!
Peaks on peaks I climbed and clambered,
Mountain-ranges I went o'er,
Fording streams and lakes unnumbered,
Knocking at the golden door.
In the arctic Klondike region,
In the heat of tropic climes,
In the mines whose names are legion,
I have harked for golden chimes.
Gold I sought in stream and freshet,
Gold I sought deep in the earth,
But I could not, could not guess it,
That of gold there is great dearth.
Am I mad? Why, no! I found it
In the open public mart;
Gold it is! I found and bound it
To my sore and bleeding heart.

IV

THE LAKE OF THE VALLEY OF NAVAJO

There is a valley where the setting sun
Looks green with envy in the evening dusk,
Whilst in a network magically spun
The prairie weaves its dark, vermillion husk.

Steel-blue reflects the far and distant field
That looks like some mysterious, magic lake,
As if it were on purpose ill concealed,
Where wayfarers seek their burning thirst to slake.

Fiercely the heat beats down for many a day
Upon the sandy plain and prairie land,
Severely trying all upon the way
To wealth and gold across the burning sand.

Great is their thirst but greater still their hope,
For surely, surely now the lake is found;
And still, that phantom-lake ahead, they grope
On blindly o'er the dark, retreating ground.

For days they seek until at last they fall
Amid the skulls and bones the sun has bleached,

Like many others answering the Call,
With that mysterious prairie-lake unreached.

V

TO THE LORELEI OF THE WEST

Sing, Lorelei, sing me to sleep,
Call, Lorelei, call from the deep;
Cradled in fungus-beds down in the sea,
Sing thy sweet lullaby, sing it to me.

Truce to all strife, you will say,
Peace with the end of the day;
"Life is but fever and pain"
Is thy recurrent refrain;
Death is but slumber and rest,
Balsam and balm to the breast,
Respite and peace for the soul,
As the eternities roll.

Sing, Lorelei, sing me to sleep,
Call, Lorelei, as though from the deep;
Cradled in prairie-grass, blue as the sea,
Sing thy sweet lullaby, sing it to me.

An Ode to the West

O Ye winds of the west
Whose abode is a nest
In the wilds of the snow-covered mountains,
Your wings bring good cheer
To the haunts of the deer,
And the field of perpetual fountains.

Where Ocean and Tide
Ebb and flow to the wide
And unreachable circling horizon,
And Cynthia, Queen
Of the heavens serene,
With a sweet tender smile keeps her eyes on

The sea-faring sails,
While the moonlight avails
To their haven in safety to guide them;
There serve the winds well
As the canvass they swell,
While the sailor-lads laughingly chide them.

But ye of the west
Never know the behest
Of the slave-driving, wind-working master;
Then why, will ye say,
Both by night and by day,
Do ye blow ever harder and faster?

The winds then spoke and said:
"We are the living and the dead,
The flame of life, the breath of fire,
The soul of passion and desire,
All evil and all virtue known
Are we, and we are that alone.
We blow our breath on hill and dale,
And Nature rises fresh and hale;
Again we blow our icy breath,
And sward and leaf go down in death.
Out from the caves of mountain-height
We bring the shadow, bring the light;
We carry seed to barren lands,
And render fertile desert sands,
As o'er the globe, like Phoebus' car,
We travel near and travel far.
We roar and clamor, whistle shrill,
And then like zephyrs, gentle, still,

We purr and murmur and caress,
And some we curse and some we bless.''

O ye streams of the west
That arise on the crest
Of the sky-lifting earth-elevation,
Through canyons ye creep,
And ye gambol and leap,
And disport since the planet's creation.

Away on the plains
They are harnessed in chains,
And compelled unto labors incessant;
Each murmuring rill
In the work of a mill
Is becoming inured and senescent.

Or else in the towns
As they flow to the downs,
They are subject to human contention;
They lave and they clean,
And they gather and glean,
And they serve every human invention.

But ye of the west
Never know the behest
Of the slave-driving, stream-working master;

Then why, will ye say,
Both by night and by day,
Do ye flow ever faster and faster?

"Truth eternal is our source,
As we roll our mountain course.
Purity and virtue rare
We distribute in the air,
When we crash and splash and dash
In our disposition rash,
Wild and wilful, down the steep
Rugged ladder of the deep,
Till precipitous we leap
To the bed of the ravine
Where the stars alone are seen.
Crystal, crystal, crystal sheen
Is reflected in our green,
While the skies of sapphire hue
Are reflected in our blue.
Silver nuggets, bars of gold,
Wealth and treasures yet untold,
Such as sun and stars unfold,
We have never yet denied; —"
This is what the streams replied.

O ye mountains so high
As to challenge the sky,
And to challenge creation in beauty,
So grand is the sight
In the play of the light
As to make admiration a duty.

For when in the dawn
Of a grey, misty morn,
All your vastness but dimly emerges,
You seem like a dream
With the hint of a gleam
Of some thought that through memory surges.

Or when the first ray
Of the oncoming day
On your sky-line the snow-caps discovers,
It dances and plays
As on silvery trays,
And caressingly lingers and hovers.

And later the sun,
When his course is begun,
Crowns your brow with a halo of glory, —
A millon of gems

In your gold diadems
Is the daily and hourly story.

As twilight descends
On the mountains and lends
Altogether a weirdness fantastic,
The shadows trip fast,
Like the ghosts from the past,
Unobtrusive and silent and plastic.

Deep purple the clouds
That form funeral shrouds
For the sun that goes westward aroaming;
And weave on the heads
Of the mountains the threads
Of the purpling gold veil of the gloaming.

A hand pearly grey
Tolls the end of the day,
And the echoes find silver companions
O'er hill, over dale,
In the mountain and vale,
In the gorges and whispering canyons.

Then, seized with the pow'r
Of God's purposeful hour,

All-unconscious I take up my lyre,
And wrest from its chords
All the landscape affords,
All its sweetness, its beauty, its fire!

An Ode to the Alps

Before the world was old in years,
  Before the sea was circumscribed,
When first our globe among celestial spheres
  Its marvelous elliptic course described,
Then ye, O heaven-born heights, out of deep chaos rose,
The Prince of Cimean darkness to depose,
And, through innumerable, violent throes,
  Give birth to order and eternal light.
So that the earth in her illimitable woes,
  When fiercely the elements with all their might
    Against each other strove,
    And fire and water drove
  About her face through centuries of night,
  At last out of great wrong obtained some right,
And for her dreadful pains some sweet repose.
Then ye, O matchless heights, in all your glory came,
A living song, a Pæan to His Name,
And with your loftiest peak inscribed the Word

Which ye at birth in fear and trembling heard,
The word of destiny,
Of all futurity,
How it shall fare with men and this fair earth,
From its inception to its very end;
Inscribed it with your pinnacles on high
Upon the zenith of the sky,
Though who is there of such superior birth
That can your characters decipher or
Unlock your heart, your secret place explore,
And to your jagged lines a meaning lend?
Perchance your snows have covered up some sin
Of what once was or else what might have been!
Perhaps your glaciers hide, Oh, many a deed
Of some great infamy,
Some world-wide tragedy,
And so are loth to vanish and display
What to your shame the world might read, —
Your skeleton sketches in the open day.
Ah, no! Ye shall no thoughts like these inspire
Within the bard whose ever-flaming fire
Must cast its warmth upon your loftiest crest,
Just as with evening comes the Alpine glow,
When in the valleys long the shadows fall,
Responding to a most mysterious call,
And rises to your heights from down below,

At the great Alchemist, the Sun's behest.
Surely untrodden peaks of all things best
  Preserve their purity of virgin snow.
    And when some lonely wanderer, to forestall
A worse disaster, bivouacs on some peak
      At night, and spreads his tent upon a sheet
        of ice,
He'll hear the snow-caps to each other speak,
  As if by some mysterious device;
And if he neither sleeps nor is awake,
  But harks attentively and long,
  He'll hear this burden of their song,
At that frail moment when the day must break:
    "Ever since a God has been
      We have never tasted sin,
      And all evil passions are
      From us very, very far.
      We are pure and we are true,
      As an azure sky is blue;
      As the soul is stainless white,
      As the sun is always bright,
      So are we both pure and true,
      As the sky absorbs the dew.
      Angels only visit us,
      Angels only tread on us,
      And if some of a lower race

Will not, can not know their place,
Then for every day they try
To attain us they shall lie
An Eon in an unknown grave,
In some chasm, or in a glacier-cave."

An Ode to the Léman

BLUE are thy waters and blue is the sky,
As the fair day advances from morning till eve,
Where life is worth living, where no one may grieve,
For the joy and the peace on the sea and on high.
So calm is thy surface, so peaceful thy breast,
O thou wonderful lake full of beauty and charm,
That all men grow unmindful of ill or of harm,
And find on thy bosom their haven of rest.
A haven of rest and a harbour of calm
Is thy quiet expanse of deep, shimmering blue;
Rich treasures of hope that all evils subdue,
Or a river of healing, an ocean of balm:
A retreat for the weary, those laden with care,
An asylum, a sanctuary, true to its name,
Where many a suffering wanderer came,
And whither yet pilgrims for ages will fare.
For when on thy waters at eve I embark,
In magnificent silence that reigns all supreme,
With the sun past the mountains still sending a beam

To disqualify night and illumine the dark; —
The great mountains surround thee in purple
array;
The hills all around thee, full verdured with
green,
Still retaining some glow of the shimmering
sheen
That is loth to depart with the slow-dying day,
Bend their heads in full reverence, knowing quite
well
That thy splendor is matchless, thy charm un-
surpassed,
Then I feel and can know how is nature en-
clasped
And held bondman and slave in thy magical
spell!
In far ages agone, when creation was new,
To behold thy great beauty, from east and
from west
Came the Alps and the Jura; green slopes and
high crest
Of precipitous granite, thee-worshipping, drew
To thy shores, all-amazed, and forever remained,
As if torn from their purpose, their calling
forgot,
By their love of thee only held down to this
spot, —

Quite content to remain thus eternally chained.
While their villas and forests smile into thy face,
As a beautiful maiden smiles into a glass,
And behold in return, to each green blade of grass,
Their own perfect image returned with thy grace.
While the sun's setting rays in all shades paint the sky,
And illumine the mountainous peaks with their glow;
The day hovers high, while the night is below,
The sweet zephyrs murmur and utter a sigh.

Schreckhorn

True to thy name, O monument of eld,
When light first dawned primeval man beheld
In thee a terror and an object all
Too frightful, ever able to appall
His infant mind, while he accounted thee
His lord, his god, his dread divinity.
For when upon thy peaks perchance he came,
Scarcely less wild than thou or than the game
Which he with club or axe in hand pursued,
His speechless vows he many times renewed
To be thy abject slave forever hence,
And raise an altar unto thee, if thence
Thou wouldst permit him graciously to go
And join, unhurt, his clothesless spouse below.
F'en now as I ascend thy dreadful heights,
Who through these centuries have gained some rights,
I cannot help but feel the dread he felt
When he, as I, in open awe had knelt
Upon thy shaggy brow and feared thee much,
For thy forbidden crevices are such

That even here are seldom to be found,
As if the mountains to the very ground
Were cleft, down to the earth's concentric core,
That surely lost were he forevermore
Who made some foul misstep, or missed his hold,
Then measured the abyss, a depth untold; —
A sacrifice upon thy altar he,
Attesting thus thy dread divinity!

The Mythen

What dreams are you dreaming,
  Inaccessible height,
When the starlight is streaming
  This long summer night?

When the clouds with their glory
  Encircle your crest,
What wonderful story
  Is locked in your breast?

In the twilight of morning
  The shadows profound,
Your great height adorning,
  Descend to the ground;

Or when in the eve-tide
  Dark spirits of old,
That silently grieve, hide
  In your chambers untold;

Then tell me what think you,
  Inscrutable height!
Can centuries bring you
  No shadow of light?

Mont Blanc

Real Monarch of the Alps, how proudly grand,
Without compeer, thou 'mong the clouds dost stand!
Mute as a Sphynx, yet eloquent indeed
For them who can thy mountain-cipher read.
To those hard toilers who thy séracs reach
Thou art indeed quite prodigal of speech!
Thou art the loadstone attracting human kind,
For such vast grandeur none may elsewhere find;
Dazzled and stunned is every human eye,
So none can thy supremacy deny.
Thy feet are deep set in the planet's heart;
Of hardest granite is thy every part;
Thy crest thrice daily kisses the azure sky;
God rests on thee His never-failing eye!
Crowned with the purest crown He can bestow, —
A limitless expanse of virgin snow, —
With rubies set and many a precious stone,
While ermine drapes thy adamantine throne,
Thou art indeed the chosen of the world,
Holding the flag of peace eternally unfurled.

The Lake of Lucerne

An emerald by rocks enclosed,
Or verdant fields with flocks disposed,
So is this beauteous star-shaped lake,
Where gladly come their thirst to slake
The swift-foot chamois from the heights
At dusk o' morn or end o' nights.
The star that twinkles in the face
Of this grand lake mistakes its place,
And thinks itself in heav'n above,
Immersed in God's eternal love.
Whereas the mountains dream and sleep
Forever in this quiet deep,
So deeply shadowed in the lake
They will not, can not, dare not wake!
What think they and what dream they so,
When strangely lit by Alpine glow,
Or when the shadows come and go?
Alas! I cannot, cannot know!
Each blade of grass within its sphere
Is glad to be a native here,
For it is always twice on hand,

Within the deep and on the land.
While high above the snow-peaks smile
Through many a narrow, deep defile,
And look into the waters green,
That also there they might be seen, —
Not all content to pierce the sky,
But in the emerald waters lie,
And temper their too-dazzling white
With green and soft prismatic light.
The land pushed out its slender arms,
As if to grasp the watery charms
In an embrace so well and sure
As shall for centuries endure.
And e'en the sky, so proud and cold,
The clouds that highest peaks enfold,
Both dip into the waters oft
And then retire again aloft,
To weep or smile, as they deem best,
Upon this lake by all the graces blessed.

Ships at Sea

A SHIP afloat on a raging sea,
With waves on waves that obstruct the sky,
And never a calming breath from the lee,
And never a hopeful ray from on high.

A soul adrift on a desert sea,
With doubt and fear all encompassed 'round,
And never a hopeful sight from the lee,
And never the breath of a human sound.

The WHENCE and the WHITHER all unknown,
The WHY as mysterious as night is dark;
And the fruit of the toil what the wind has sown,
And the hope and the gain but a dying spark.

III.

LYRICS, PARABLES AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Sanctuary

(TO C. D.)

I RETURN from the battle, all seared and scarred,
Wounded to death and bleeding at every vein,
Pursued by the hounds of war
Unto the very door
Of the holy temple, the sacred fane,
That stands a bulwark, bolted and barred,
Against oppressors, however hard,
Against all evil, to lead and guard
The weary soldier, the stricken knight,
Through flame and smoke, through stumbling night,
Where all who come find sanctuary,
However low their station be.
Oh, fierce was the combat and terrible the strife,
With the enemy surrounding on every side,
Where no quarters were asked and none were given,
But like fighting devils each of us have striven
O'er the corpse of his opponent merciless to ride

And crush out to the last the panting, struggling
life.
It was a battle not
Of brawn and strength begot,
Nor a physical struggle in its true sense,
But such as evil spirits wage
Against the powers of light and truth,
Making of virtue a foul offence,
Of all that's noble a burning shame;
'Twas a conflict in which the gods engage,
Making earth hideous and uncouth,
To vindicate their highest claim.
And boldly did I ride,
My charging steed astride,
Into the cohorts of darkness, the armies of sin, —
For all the windmills are not fallen yet, nor are
The Don Quixotes dead, — and so I thought that
somewhere far,
Far off, some compensating goodness may have
been
Reserved for the poor Knight Errant when the
battle's won.
For out of the deepest depths of hell
I heard the groaning tocsin bell,
Heard the sad, the mad farewell,
As of a thousand waterfalls!

And to the rescue all my faculties have gone,
As if responding to an imperative behest.
Yea, all my theories I put to test,
To prove them all and prove them false!
For I have cast my bread upon the waters,
And to the drowning man held forth my hand,
I descended into Avernus' bituminous quarters,
And snatched from hell-fire ten thousand souls:
The cripple made I whole,
And to the lost I gave a soul!
By the side of the publican and sinner did I stand,
And said "my brother" and "my sister" when
The world despised them and derided me!
But for my good came ill, and for my bread a stone,
A curse for my blessing, and for my pain disgrace!
As down an Alpine mountain rolls
An avalanche into an icy sea
Below, or like a thunderbolt, so came
The furies of discontent to censure and to blame,
To destroy my idols and efface
All that is good, and plant all that is base,

So all my great philosophies are overthrown.
And now as there is no longer hope,
Within the world's wide scope,
Of recompense of God or gratitude of men,
With my last spent breath,
Pursued by the shadows of death,
Unto thy sheltering wing I flee
For Sanctuary.
Some saving grace, a pitying look,
A gentle touch, a loving word,
And then I care not if I never heard
Again man's speech, the babbling brook,
The whispering stream, the warbling bird;—
All that I love, all that I prize,
May vanish like a thin disguise,
So long I find retreat in thee,
And in thy heart my sanctuary!

Salve Dea!

Hail, Goddess of redeeming virtue, hail!
Thy glorious healing gifts will never fail
The lowliest creature of the living God!
Those eating dust and mingling with the sod
Their tears of anguish and of bitter grief;
Those calling vainly, crying for relief
From soul-destroying evils that will not
Abate; those scorched by fire, or fanned by hot
Hell-blasts in the depths of error or remorse;
Those smitten with disease or with the force
Of man's ingratitude; — and oh, all those
Who were betrayed because they did repose
Full confidence in all nor did impose
The slightest toll for their good deeds, — poor
souls,
Led by a thousand hopes, lured by a thousand
goals,
Torn from their moorings, drifting on every sea,
Blown by every wind, refused at every lee;
Oh, Goddess of redeeming Love, once let
On these unfortunates thy sunbeams set,

And all the joy and peace and rest and calm
Will settle in their breasts like healing balm
Upon a sore and bleeding wound. As shades
Steal softly on the evenfall, when maids
Weave garlands in the thickness of a wood,
While softly hums the King of Solitude
His favorite tune, or as a gentle breeze
Calms down a storm upon the raging seas,
So thy beneficent influence descends,
Like dew from heaven, and in mercy sends
Into each aching heart a ray of joy,
A wish to grow and build but not destroy,
So that all souls, by evil erst obsessed,
Find peace and good-will and everlasting rest.
Oh, Goddess of redeeming Love, I pray
Abide with me forever from this day,
For like unto the music of the spheres,
Or as the starry sky to which adheres,
A faint pink stria of the northern lights,
As the Aurora in the arctic nights,
As the great mysteries of heaven
Which ne'er by mortal gaze were riven,
Thou art to me a prize above all worth,
By which I'll scale to heav'n, or conquer all the earth.

God and Man

A PARABLE

A CHILD was playing on an ancient shore,
And built his youthful hopes upon the sand.
Transparent shells and pebbles of all shades
He gather'd, and with painful patience made
Himself a little house. Then, wondering
At his creation wherewithal he was
Well pleased, he looked exultant, and in prayer
His lips besought a blessing from his God.
Thereat a gentle wind arose and blew
The structure down, and from the placid sea
A rolling wavelet came and carried off
The pebbles and the shells. Which when the child
Observed, he went home sighing and in tears.

In that same land a man reared up his home,
And made it happy for his wife and kin.
Eight healthy children played about his hearth
That warmed the cheerful chambers with its glow.
Mirth, song and dance cheered every gladsome heart,

And cakes and viands ever filled the board.
His ground did yield him plenty, while the bins
Were overfilled with grain. The pens were full,
And in the stalls the cattle multiplied.
Then from the fullness of his heart the man
Thanked his Creator, and in prayer craved
That peace may bless this house.
The which when done,
Dearth settled on the land and hunger, all
The cattle died, no sheep were left, the grain
Did rot within the seed. Then sickness came
And bore the children off; the mother soon
Died of her grief. Then with a heavy heart
The man sought out his solitary bed.

There in that kingdom was a mighty king
Who swayed his sceptre over half the world.
Great cities were in his dominion, while
Great sea-ports were upon his shores. His were
The richest treasures in the land, and from
All quarters he of tithe and tax received.
Commerce and industry to full extent
Beneath him prosper'd, and his people were
Full satisfied and in their station pleased.
Then this great king erected monuments
And arches to commemorate his reign,

And order'd roads and bridges to be built
And strongholds, towers and castles, that he may
His empire strengthen and extend the more.
Then when he saw that all was fair, and he
Was overwhelmed with joy, he thanked his God
For His great bounty and in prayer invoked
A blessing for his kingdom and himself.
The which when done, a pestilence fell on
The land and many people died. Whole towns
Were desolate, and cities empty stood.
In which distress, with fire and sword and war's
Great plague, barbaric hordes arrived and took
Possession of the luckless realm. The king,
By sorrow bent, hid in the secret caves
Among the hills and led a hermit's life.

That hour the spirit of God did manifest
Itself to the bereavèd king and through
A vision of the night, when on all men
Sleep falleth, He thus spake to him and said:
"Because thou hast forgot the Kingdom that
Is not of earth, and hearkend'st not unto
The Voice that calleth toward greater life,
But in thy earthly realm thou though'st to find
The limit, and thy rule the rule of God,
Thy pow'r the equal of His power, thy

Arm His arm, thy will His, be therefore all
Thy days bereft of pow'r, and to thine own
Shalt never come. Thy people shall be slaves
To strangers, and thy land a subject state.
So that henceforth thou mayst acknowledge thy
Creator and a greater pow'r than thine."

At that same hour the Spirit of God appeared
Before the man who mourned his adverse lot,
And in a nightly vision spake and said:
"Because thou didst consider but thyself,
And held'st thy welfare paramount, but all
Things else thereto subservient, nor didst
Bethink of others' lives or comforts, nor
Of widows, orphans, or the homeless poor,
Be therefore robbed of all thy wealth and kin;
The earth be fruitless in thy hands, thy folds
In death shall multiply, and thine own days
Be cheerless, rayless, colorless and cold."

At that same hour the Spirit of God appeared
In dream before the youth whose hopes were ruined
Upon the sandy beach, and to him said:

"Since young and inexperienced thou hast
been,
And innocent in thy play, I shall uphold
Thee in thy righteousness, and will make strong
Thy feeble arm. Into thy soaring soul
I'll breathe the genius of invention that
Will herald thee a leader among men.
Then every day wilt thou create but to
Destroy the next, to prove the vanity
Of men. Then wilt thou know that not on earth
Is found Perfection, but on high, in God!"

The Angel's Feast

A PARABLE

THE King came to the feast arrayed in gold
And purple, in full state with retinue
Attendant, thinking his great Chamberlain
Presiding at the feast, as advertised.
And he it seemed in truth who at the head
Of the assemblage sat distributing
High honors to all guests, according their
Degree and station, and when he the King
Espied he rose straightway advancing,
Bowing thrice and kissing thrice the regal hem,
Then bade him to the seat of honor at
His right.

THERE lived an only son
By whom the King hoped to attain the height
Of earthly power, and whose youthful brow
He dreamed to see crowned ruler of the world.
He set aside for him great stores of wealth
And treasures fabulous, for well he knew,
Or hoped at least, that these would multiply

Into a countless measure. Thus was great
The King's chagrin, and greater still his wrath,
When on another road his son's feet walked,
And when, sad-eyed and tearful, he looked not
For glory upon earth but far above.

The old King then cast off his only son,
And banished him beyond his realm, his name
Nor speaking nor allowing anyone
The mention of, but punishing with death
Whomever so his ruler disobeys.

Hence at this feast none dared the slightest hint
Of reconcilement, or the pleasure mar
Of the festivities by reference to
The banished one.

Yet when the cups were full,
And high the note of mirth resounded, came,
None could say whence, or how, a mendicant,
Clad all in black, who at the door, with hand
Outstretched, with lowly and submissive mien,
Stood muttering these enigmatic words:
"For those much poorer than myself I gather,
Though of me to receive are none too rich."

And when the Chamberlain espied him he
In haste arose and, walking tow'rd the door,
Full seven times most reverently bowed,
And seven times he kissed the hermit's robe,
Thus saying; "Lord, the earth is blesse'd in Thee,
And Heav'n is purer for Thy living Light.
May it please Thee, Master, to adorn
My humble board, and with Thy radiance grace
My poor festivities."

Which saying, he
The mendicant conducted to the head
Of the glittering table, and his own
Seat yielded unto Him, himself then
Seating to the left.

Which when the King beheld,
He rent his clothes, and smote the table with
His sword, while on his brow the night-black
scowl
Spoke louder of his wrath than aught could
speak,
Although with words of thunder he consigned
To death the man who dared his banished son
Thus honor and receive.

"My servant, though
The trustiest and beloved the most, is not
Exempt from my immutable decree,
And though," so said the King, "the earth and heav'n
May change, my law remains unchangeable."
But when the ruler's henchmen came to lay
Their hands upon the man condemned, they found
Him not, but only saw his vacant chair.
Then knew they all that the great Chamberlain
Was but an holy angel in disguise.

ורוח על פני יחלף.

(*And a Spirit passed before me; the hair of my flesh stood up*). Job, iv., 15.

One long eternity came to an end,
Another was upon the way,
Comprising not a single day,
For now the cold, black Sun, extinct, could send
Into dark space no faintest ray.
Freed from the iron rule at last which bound
Her to her lord and master,

The Earth rushed madly through immensity,
Forming close friendship with the worlds around,
And bringing fresh disaster,
Like some wild thing with a wild propensity,
On all opposing spheres.
Colliding oft, she brûshed
The orbs aside, and crushed
The smaller ones to dust;
As when a spectre black appears,
Aflame with rage and lust,
And terrorizes all within its reach,
So came the Earth, through some unguarded breach
In Night's dark battlements, —
Charred, burned, seared, a great revolving coal,
Out of some hideous Cosmic hole,
Toward no definite goal,
A maddening terror to the universe,
A black-plumed page before the planetary hearse,
A herald from the Plutonian settlements.
All life as life is known was long since dead,
The seas evaporated, while the air

Snapped in one sheet of flame, destroying all.
The Moon's black skeleton, no longer led
By a restraining hand, at last could dare
An independent course, — an independent fall!
The moon, so long the earth's concomitant,
So long her constant ornament,
Chafing and yearning underneath the yoke,
At last her ancient obligations broke,
And, at a hyperbolic tangent hurled,
Became an independent world;
Revolving in the hemispheres alone,
Though cold and lifeless as a stone.
And as a wild stampeding herd
Breaks from its prison loose,
Without a reason or excuse,
Save that one common impulse stirred
And spurned them on to liberty or woe,
So at the first rebellious word,
Unspoken but inferred,
The whilom planetary system ceased
Around the once illustrious sun to go,
But with a speed a thousandfold increased
Precipitously led a fearful rout,
And wander'd, comet-like, in error and in doubt,
Each separately the universe about.

Creation once again was at its ebb,
With everything entangled in a web
Of hopeless ruin and ceaseless strife,
Which made impossible all forms of life.
And Havoc held supremest sway
On the once famous Milky Way,
Dispersing to the farthest realms of Night
  The star-dust of the stars unformed,
Destroying every particle of light,
And driving the nebulæ before the wind,
  Decrepit and deformed,
Like some lost souls that hopelessly have sinned.
The myriad stars were dead, extinct,
  And in the inky firmaments
No single object seemed distinct;
  The shroud-like, dark habiliments
Of night eternal all the worlds enveloped,
While Chaos his vast rule again developed,
Making great ruin his greatest joy,
So all the universe he may destroy.
And in that thick Cimmerian darkness flit
  My own unconscious Self,
  A hopeless, buffeted elf,
From the eternal, into the infinite.
  Eternities now mark the day
  Since in a form of clay
  My soul imprisoned lay.

VEROACH AL PONI YACHLOV;
Then a Spirit, passed before me.
It stood still, as if it would restore me
To a momentary consciousness.
Unspeakable terror held me fast
While this strange apparition passed,
Out from vacuity and into emptiness,
Upon far-reaching wing,
A solitary thing,
Above the surface of the waters floating,
And with its wings the surface smoting,
Calling upon Chaos to give up
From his vast realm a single drop,
Wherewith a new Creation to begin
Out of a primitive origin.
And then a red flash glimmered far below, —
A very distant crimson glow,
Accompanied by detonations loud and fierce,
Just as two darkling, wandering spheres
Collided with such fearful force
That shattered one orb into meteoric hail,
The new-made earths in future to assail,
And sent the other on its course
Of fire and life, and love and hate,
And every planetary state, —
A world created out of Death
By virtue of the still, creative breath.

A Snake Song

Light green and heliotrope,
  Bright red and blue,
All woven in a rope,
  Gold shinging through;
This is thy magic coat,
  Thy beauty this,
Child of an age remote,
  Stranger to bliss.

Rock thee and go to sleep,
  Child of the wild,
Let chimes of music keep
  Thee undefiled;
For thee let sunshine be
  All unrestrained,
Freedom and liberty
  Thine have remained.

Let venom cease to make
  Thy life so sad,
And let thy sharp fangs break —
  Learn to be glad;

Truce to thy enmity,
  Truce to thy strife,
Peace and security
  Enter thy life.

Light green and heliotrope,
  White, red and blue,
Symbol of life and hope,
  Constant and true;
Throw off thy magic coat,
  In the sun's light,
Child of an age remote,
  Child of the night.

A Parisian Lay

Paris breathes and Paris lives,
Life and joy she ever gives;
When her sons are far away,
Then they have a jolly day.
Paris first and Paris last, —
Come what may when life is past!

Is there greater bliss than this,
When a maiden grants a kiss?
All in heaven or in hell
Is not worth that magic spell!
Then let priests preach what they will,
Ruby lips cannot be still!

Nectar for the gods, but mine
Shall be women, song and wine!
Sing a song of woman's praise,
Glorify her in your lays,
For she rules the earth and sea,
Gods and stars, and you and me!

Paris breathes and Paris lives,
Life and joy she ever gives;
When her sons are far away,
Then they have a jolly day.
Paris first and Paris last, —
Come what may when life is past!

Ships of the Sea

I

Darkness and Night and the interminable Sea,
Hurricanes, tempests, far off from the lee:
'Mid thunder and lightning on mountainous waves
Two ships pass each other like ghosts from the graves.
Then darkness again and the night,
And the sea in its furious might.

II

Darkness and Life and the sea of distress,
Error, confusion no tongue may express;
'Mid terror and anguish on billows of flame
Two lives pass each other like pawns in a game.
Then darkness again and the sea
That affords not a sheltering lee.

To ——

AN ACROSTIC

*C*ELESTIAL light streamed forth most gloriously
Be*l*ow and above God's wondrous throne when
He,
Of *c*reatures beautiful, created thee.
Del*i*cate and mellow sang the angel choir
Resp*l*endent hallelujahs as the fire
Of the *i*llustrious sun illumed the sky,
While *c*a*l*ling hosts in unison did cry
Unto the *D*eity hosanna, hail!
And far *o*'er earth and heaven did prevail
The mar*v*elous intelligence of thy birth,
And t*o* the sun and stars was known thy worth,
As a*t* some oriental shrine a prize
Is *h*eld most sacred by a million eyes.
B*y* just as many eyes observed, when
*P*rovidence thy soul sent down to men,
T*h*ou cam'st, a gift from heav'n, a pearl most
rare,
Ch*i*seled and formed most perfectly and fair,
By a*l*l the Graces bless'd, thyself a Grace,

Pure *l*ove the charm of thy fair, Grecian face;
Of all *i*nterminable blessings thou
Takest *p*recedence, as all men will allow,
My heart*'s* balm ever, and my refuge now.

To find the name in this acrostic, count one letter from left to right for each succeeding line to the seventh line, beginning with the first letter of the first line, second letter of the second line, etc., from the eighth line count backwards to the left in the same way, one letter less for each succeeding line to the fourteenth line, then back again to the right one additional letter for each line following to the end.

"C'Est Moin Qui Té Ka Lavé."

(IT WAS I WHO WASHED FOR YOU).

"C'est moin qui té ka lavé,
Passé, raccommodé:
Ye té néf hè disouè
Ou metté moin derhò —
Yche moin assous bouas moin; —
Laplie té ka tombé; —
Léfan moin assous tête moin!
Doudoux, ou m'abandonne!
Moine pa ni pèsonne pou soigné moin."

It was I who washed for you,
Mended, ironed, worked at night,
Loved too much and loved too true,
When you put me out of sight —
Late at night you put me out,
With my child upon my breast!
And I wander still about,
While the wind gives me no rest!

This straw mattress on my head
Is my poor and only bed!
Must I, love, abandoned be!
Who is there to care for me?

"I Am Dimpled, Young and Fair."

"Moin toutt jeine"*
Gouôs, gouôs, valiant,
Peau di chapoti
Ka fai plaisi;
Lapeau moin
Li bien poli;
Et moin ka plai
Mênm toutt nhomme grave!"

(*Translation*)

I am dimpled, young and fair,
Round-limbed, strong and debonair,
With sapota-skin of gold
That is lovely to behold;
Sweet and chique and good to see,
All men love to look at me.

* In Martinique patois.

Though of Silver and Gold

THOUGH of silver and gold I am offered great treasure,
And rubies and diamonds are mine if I ask,
Yet I find not therein either glory or pleasure, —
The trinkets would make but a hideous mask.

For I have for my love all the gods have created
In one only person, a marvel to see;
But a look or a smile and my soul is all sated, —
One kiss, and creation is nothing to me.

Oh, ye wise ones of old and ye men of the present,
I point to a parable, look and behold!
The silver-winged bird and the bright golden pheasant,
Gave you them their silver, or gave you the gold?

La Martinique

La Martinique is bright and gay,
  Long live the Queen,
'Tis well to watch her all the day,
  Long live the Queen;
For if you watch not day and night
She may be captured by the spright
That lives beyond the pale of light —
  Long live the Queen, long live the Queen.

All eyes are on La Martinique,
  Long live the Queen,
Because the rose is in her cheek,
  Long live the Queen;
Her lips are like the amethyst
That ne'er by mortal man were kissed
Because she never kept a tryst —
  Long live the Queen, long live the Queen.

Cambronnè

Cambronnè, O Cambronnè,
Sweet, O sweet is Cambronnè!
See her walking in the garden,
Begging everybody's pardon,
Lovelier than roses far,
Fairer than the fairest star,
Would she kiss me? Ah, oh, nay —
Yet she whispered that I may —
Cambronnè, sweet Cambronnè!

To Hon. Simon Wolf

(On the occasion of his 85th birthday).

O Statesman, Philosopher and Sage,
Now crowned with the radiance of age,
And with the glory of service to mankind,
Richly endowed with heart and soul and mind
So deep and sublime, so full of love
For beast and man below, for God above,
Who crowded so his life with good deeds done,
Who fought all evil and in fighting won,
Who served his country and served it well,
So as the gratitude of men compel,
Let all do honor to whom honor's due, —
We honor but ourselves in hon'ring you!
For when men's deeds shall counted be in heav'n,
And in the balance weighed, it will be given
To you, dear Sir, defender of the Truth,
Protector of the weak, aye, father, in sooth,
Of countless orphans and the widowed poor,
To you it will be given, to be sure,
To have been a champion of Right,

A Beacon on the embattlements of Night,
A haven, refuge and Sanctuary
For the oppressed in humanity,
That all may sing in song the worth of you,
And love and honor you as are but few.

Epigrams

I

The clouds, though mute,
Their own salute,
And often meet each other;
But people don't,
Or can't, or won't,
Salute or greet a brother.

II

The crow caws hoarse,
Which is, of course,
Its nature so to do;
But Nature can
Improve on man, —
At least on me and you.

III

The ant and bee,
Mysteriously,
Have learned the art of thrift;
But none the less,

We must confess,
Know nought of shirk or shift.

IV

Behold! a star
Is very far
From earthly toil and woe;
Yet who would care
The change to dare,
And be a star aglow?

V

The sun is bright,
But not at night,
And heats in summer most;
Yet we complain,
And call insane,
An erring human host.

VI

The rain and snow
Will come and go,
The tides will rise and fall;
Yet not one man
Pursues this plan,
But waits till some one call.

VII

A mountain lay
Right in the way
Of one ambitious soul;
But did it not,
Then on that spot
Would be a fearful hole.

VIII

Why shall not men
Both now and then
Bear spots upon their name;
When e'en the sun
In his daily run
Reveals them without shame?

IX

One thought that strife
Alone was life,
And so strove on amain;
But when his strength
Was spent at length
He saw that strife was pain.

X

I gave good day
To one who passed my way;

But he looked up,
Then let his eyebrows drop:
When he returned,
His insolence I spurned;
He thanked me then,
And went the ways of men.

XI

One drop of blood,
One grain of mud,
A careless moment's plan;
A breath of God,
A stirring prod,
And lo! this is a man!

XII

A fool once said
He'll give his head
If hills like lambs will prance;
An earthquake came
And made the same
Like ewe-lambs hop and dance.

XIII

There was a sage
In a distant age
Who dealt in wisdom's stock;

Wherefore he starved,
And then was carved
Upon a marble block.

XIV

One mustard seed
Filled all the need
Of one little creeping thing;
Yet came a foe
With wail and woe,
And killed it with its sting.

XV

A child once sought
To know the thought
Of older ones than he;
He tried and tried
Until he died
At the age of four score three.

XVI

He said his life
Wasn't worth a fife
If she will not be his;
She proved him true
By a fond adieu;
His epitaph is this:

XVII

Here lies a man
Who lived his span, —
    Else would he not have died;
A noble youth
Who told the truth,
    E'en when he should have lied."

XVIII

"Forgive me now,
And then I'll vow
    You'll never have to more;"
She meant to say,
"Never a day
    Will you catch me as before."

XIX

"Heavens!" she cried,
"I never lied, —
    I only white lies tell;"
"You're color-blind,"
Said he, "I find
    Your white as black as hell!"

XX

There was a man
Who thought God's plan

Was faulty at its best;
The world he stalked,
And talked and talked,
Till he became a pest.

XXI

The cynic said
The gods are dead,
And man is lifeless dust;
Dust in his eye
Gave him the lie,
And proved that God is just.

XXII

A word too much,
Like a broken crutch,
Is worthless at its best;
It proves quite oft,
Like the clown aloft,
A sad and cruel jest.

XXIII

Honor and fame
Are not the same,
And often dwell apart;
Veneer outside
Is fame and pride,
But honor's of the heart.